

*THE MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL MAGAZINE*

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*A M E R I C A N*

MORAL & SENTIMENTAL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 20, 1797.

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*Letter from the younger Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, when  
on his Death-Bed, to the Rev. Dr. W——.*

*Dear Doctor,*

I Always looked upon you as a man of true virtue, and know you to be a person of sound understanding; for however I might have acted in opposition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you, I had always the highest veneration for both. The world and I may now shake hands, for I dare affirm we are heartily weary of one another. O! doctor, what a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions, time. I have squandered it away with a profusion unparallelled, and now that the enjoyment of a few days would be worth a hecatomb of worlds, I cannot flatter myself with the prospect of half a dozen hours.

How despicable, my dear friend, is that man who never prays to his God but in the time of distress! In what manner can he supplicate that omnipotent Being in his affliction with reverence, whom in the tide of his prosperity he never remembered with dread?—Don't brand me with infidelity, my dear doctor, when I tell you, I am almost ashamed to offer up my petition at the throne of grace, or of imploring that divine mer-

cy in the next world; which I have so scandalously abused in this!—Shall ingratitude to man be looked upon as the blackest of crimes, and not ingratitude to God?—Shall an insult offered to the king be looked upon in the most offensive light, and yet no notice be taken when the King of kings is treated with indignity and disrespect!

The companions of my former libertinism would scarcely believe their eyes, my dear doctor, were you to shew them this epistle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthusiast, or pity me as a timorous wretch, who was shocked at the appearance of futurity. But, whoever laughs at me for being right, or pities me for being sensible of my errors, is more entitled to my compassion than to my resentment.—A future state may very well strike terror into any man, who has not acted well in this life; and he must have an uncommon share of courage indeed, who does not shrink at the presence of his God.

You see, my dear doctor, the apprehension of death will soon bring the most profligate sinner to a proper use of his understanding.—To what a situation am I now reduced?—Is this odious little hut a suitable lodging for a Prince! or this anxiety of my mind becoming the characteristic of a Christian!—From my rank and fortune I might have expected affluence to wait upon my life; from my religion and understanding, peace to smile upon my end; instead of which, I am afflicted with poverty, and haunted with remorse, despised by my country, and I fear, forsaken by my God!—There is nothing so dangerous, my dear doctor, as extraordinary abilities.—I cannot be accused of vanity now, by being sensible I was once possessed of uncommon qualifications, more especially as I sincerely regret that I was ever blest with any at all.—My rank  
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in life made these accomplishments still more conspicuous; and, fascinated with the general applause which they procured, I never considered about the proper means by which they should be displayed; hence to purchase a smile from a blockhead I despised, I have frequently treated the virtuous with disrespect, and sported with the holy name of Heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were entitled to nothing but my contempt.

Your men of wit, my dear doctor, generally look upon themselves as discharged from the duties of religion, and confine the doctrines of the gospel to people of meaner understandings; it is a sort of derogation, in their opinion, to comply with the rules of Christianity, and they reckon that man possessed of a narrow genius, who studies to be good.—What a pity that the holy writings are not made the criterion of true judgment! or that any one should pass for a fine gentleman in this world, but he that seems solicitous about his happiness in the next.—My dear doctor, I am forsaken by all my acquaintance, utterly neglected by the friends of my bosom, and the dependants of my bounty; but no matter, I am not now fit to converse with the first, and have no ability to serve the latter. Let me not be cast off wholly, however, by the good; favour me with a visit, dear doctor, as soon as possible. Writing to you gives me some ease, especially upon a subject I could talk of for ever.—I am of opinion this is the last visit I shall solicit from you my distemper is powerful—come and pray for the departing spirit of the unhappy

BUCKINGHAM.



*The WAY by which the Children of Israel passed the RED SEA, at the time of their Deliverance from the Land of Egypt.*

[From Mr. BRUCE's Travels, Vol. I. Page 229.]

[Concluded from page 307.]

**I**F the Etesian wind blowing from the north-west in summer, could heap up the sea as a wall, on the right, or to the south, of fifty feet high, still the difficulty would remain, of building the wall on the left hand or to the north. Besides, water standing in that position for a day, must have lost the nature of fluid. Whence came that cohesion of particles, that hindered that wall to escape at the sides? This is as great a miracle as that of Moses. If the Etesian winds had done this once, they must have repeated it many a time before and since, from the same causes. Yet, Diodorus Siculus says, the Troglodytes, the indigenous inhabitants of that very spot, had a tradition from father to son, from their very earliest and remotest ages, that once this division of the sea, did happen there, and that after leaving its bottom some time dry, the sea again came back, and covered it with great fury. The words of this author are of the most remarkable kind. We cannot think this heathen is writing in favour of revelation. He knew not Moses, nor says a word about Pharaoh, and his host; but records the miracle of the division of the sea, in words nearly as strong as those of Moses, from the mouths of unbiassed, undesigning Pagans.

The cause of the several names of the Red Sea, is a subject of more liberal inquiry. I am of opinion, that it certainly derived its name from Edom, long and early its powerful master, that word signifying Red in Hebrew. It formerly went by the name of the Sea of Edom, or Idumea, since, by that of the Red Sea.



It has been observed, indeed, that not only the Arabian Gulph, but part of the Indian Ocean, went by this name, though far distant from Idumea. This is true, but when we consider, that the masters of that sea were still the Edomites, who went from the one sea directly in the same voyage to the other, we shall not dispute the propriety of extending the name to part of the Indian Ocean also. As for what fanciful people have said of any redness in the sea itself, or colour in the bottom, the reader may assure himself all this is fiction, the Red Sea being in colour nothing different from the Indian, or any other Ocean.

There is greater difficulty in assigning a reason for the Hebrew name, Yam Suph; properly so called, say learned authors, from the quantity of weeds in it. But I must confess, in contradiction to this, that I never in my life, (and I have seen the whole extent of it) saw a weed of any sort in it; and, indeed, upon the slightest consideration, it will occur to any one, that a narrow gulf, under the immediate influence of monsoons, blowing from contrary points six months each year, would have too much agitation to produce such vegetables, seldom found, but in stagnant waters, and seldom, if ever, found in salt ones. My opinion then is, that it is from the large trees, or plants of white coral, spread every where over the bottom of the Red Sea, perfectly in imitation of plants on land, that the sea has obtained this name. If not, I fairly confess I have not any other conjecture to make.

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*Extracts from BARTRAM's Travels*

[Continued from page 294.]

**T**HIS incredible boldness of the animal disturbed me greatly, supposing there could now be no reasonable

able safety for me during the night, but by keeping continually on the watch: I therefore, as soon as I had prepared the fish, proceeded to secure myself and effects in the best manner I could. In the first place, I hauled my bark upon the shore, almost clear out of the water, to prevent their oversetting or sinking her; after this, every moveable was taken out and carried up to my camp, which was but a few yards off: then ranging some dry wood in such order as was the most convenient, I cleared the ground round about it, that there might be no impediment in my way, in case of an attack in the night, either from the water or the land; for I discovered by this time, that this small isthmus, from its remote situation and fruitfulness, was resorted to by bears and wolves. Having prepared myself in the best manner I could, I charged my gun and proceeded to reconnoitre my camp and the adjacent grounds; when I discovered that the peninsula and grove, at the distance of about two hundred yards from my encampment, on the land side, were invested by a cypress swamp, covered with water, which below was joined to the shore of the little lake, and above to the marshes surrounding the lagoon; so that I was confined to an islet exceedingly circumscribed, and I found there was no other retreat for me, in case of an attack, but by either ascending one of the large oaks, or pushing off with my boat.

It was by this time dusk, and the alligators had nearly ceased their roar, when I was again alarmed by a tumultuous noise that seemed to be in my harbour, and therefore engaged my immediate attention. Returning to my camp, I found it undisturbed, and then continued on to the extreme point of the promontory, where I saw a scene, new and surprising, which at first threw my senses into such a tumult, that it was some time before I could comprehend what was the matter; however,

however, I soon accounted for the prodigious assemblage of crocodiles at this place, which exceeded every thing of the kind I had ever heard of.

How shall I express myself so as to convey an adequate idea of it to the reader, and at the same time avoid raising suspicions of my veracity. Should I say, that the river (in this place) from shore to shore, and perhaps near half a mile above and below me, appeared to be one solid bank of fish, of various kinds, pushing through this narrow pass of St. Juan's into the little lake, on their return down the river, and that the alligators were in such incredible numbers, and so close together from shore to shore, that it would have been easy to have walked across on their heads, had the animals been harmless? What expressions can sufficiently declare the shocking scene that for some minutes continued, whilst this mighty army of fish were forcing the pass? During this attempt, thousands, I may say hundreds of thousands, of them were caught and swallowed by the devouring alligators. I have seen an alligator take up out of the water several great fish at a time, and just squeeze them betwixt his jaws, while the tails of the great trout flapped about his eyes and lips, ere he had swallowed them. The horrid noise of their closing jaws, their plunging amidst the broken banks of fish, and rising with their prey some feet upright above the water, the floods of water and blood rushing out of their mouths, and the clouds of vapour issuing from their wide nostrils, were truly frightful. This scene continued at intervals during the night, as the fish came to the pass. After this sight, shocking and tremendous as it was, I found myself somewhat easier and more reconciled to my situation; being convinced that their extraordinary assemblage here was owing to this annual feast of fish; and that they were so well employed in their own element, that I had little occasion to fear their paying me a visit.

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It being now almost night, I returned to my camp, where I had left my fish broiling, and my kettle of rice stewing; and having with me oil, pepper, and salt, and excellent oranges hanging in abundance over my head, a valuable substitute for vinegar,) I sat down and regaled myself cheerfully. Having finished my repast, I re-kindled my fire for light, and whilst I was revising the notes of my past day's journey, I was suddenly roused with a noise behind me toward the main land. I sprang up on my feet, and listening, I distinctly heard some creature wading in the water of the isthmus. I seized my gun and went cautiously from my camp, directing my steps towards the noise: when I had advanced about thirty yards, I halted behind a coppice of orange trees, and soon perceived two very large bears, which had made their way through the water, and had landed in the grove, about one hundred yards distance from me, and were advancing towards me. I waited until they were within thirty yards of me: they there began to snuff and look towards my camp: I snapped my piece, but it flashed, on which they both turned about and galloped off, plunging through the water and swamp, never halting, as I suppose, until they reached fast land, as I could hear them leaping and plunging a long time. They did not presume to return again, nor was I molested by any other creature, except being occasionally awakened by the whooping of owls, screaming of bitterns, or the wood-rats running amongst the leaves.

The wood-rat is a very curious animal. It is not half the size of the domestic rat; of a dark brown or black colour; its tail slender and shorter in proportion, and covered thinly with short hair. It is singular with respect to its ingenuity and great labour in the construction of its habitation, which is a conical pyramid about three or four feet high, constructed with  
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dry branches, which it collects with great labour and perseverance, and piles up without any apparent order; yet they are so interwoven with one another, that it would take a bear or wild cat some time to pull one of these castles to pieces, and allow the animals sufficient time to secure a retreat with their young.

The noise of the crocodiles kept me awake the greater part of the night; but when I arose in the morning, contrary to my expectations, there was perfect peace; very few of them to be seen, and those were asleep on the shore. Yet I was not able to suppress my fears and apprehensions of being attacked by them in future; and, indeed, yesterday's combat with them, notwithstanding I came off in a manner victorious, or at least made a safe retreat, had left sufficient impression on my mind to damp my courage; and it seemed too much for one of my strength, being alone in a very small boat, to encounter such collected danger. To pursue my voyage up the river, and be obliged every evening to pass such dangerous defiles, appeared to me as perilous as running the gauntlet betwixt two rows of Indians armed with knives and firebrands. I however resolved to continue my voyage one day longer, if I possibly could with safety, and then return down the river, should I find the like difficulties to oppose. Accordingly I got every thing on board, charged my gun, and set sail cautiously, along shore.

As I passed by Battle lagoon, I began to tremble and keep a good look out; when suddenly a huge alligator rushed out of the reeds, and with a tremendous roar came up, and darted as swift as an arrow under my boat, emerging upright on my lee quarter, with open jaws, and belching water and smoke that fell upon me like rain in a hurricane. I laid soundly about his head with my club and beat him off; and after

plunging and darting about my boat, he went off on a straight line through the water, seemingly with the rapidity of lightning, and entered the cape of the lagoon. I now employed my time to the very best advantage in paddling close along shore, but could not forbear looking now and then behind me, and presently perceived one of them coming up again. The water of the river hereabouts was shoal and very clear; the monster came up with the usual roar and menaces, and passed close by the side of my boat, when I could distinctly see a young brood of alligators, to the number of one hundred or more, following after her in a long train. They kept close together in a column, without straggling off to the one side or the other; the young appeared to be of an equal size, about fifteen inches in length, almost black, with pale yellow transverse waved clouds or blotches, much like rattle snakes in colour. I now lost sight of my enemy again.

Still keeping close along shore, on turning a point or projection of the river bank, at once I beheld a great number of hillocks or small pyramids, resembling haystacks, ranged like an encampment along the banks. They stood fifteen or twenty yards distant from the water, on a high marsh, about four feet perpendicular above the water. I knew them to be the nests of the crocodile, having had a description of them before; and now expected a furious and general attack, as I saw several large crocodiles swimming abreast of these buildings. These nests being so great a curiosity to me, I was determined, at all events, immediately to land and examine them. Accordingly, I ran my bark on shore at one of their landing places, which was a sort of nick or little dock, from which ascended a sloping path or road up to the edge of the meadow, where their nests were; most of them were deserted, and the great thick whitish egg-shells lay broken and scattered upon the ground round about them.

*To be concluded in our next.*



THE WELCH INDIANS.

NO. VI.

(Continued from page 297.)

IN the year 1170, Madawg, a younger son of Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, observing a continual strife reign among his brethren for a scanty inheritance of barren rocks, determined to try his fortune in search of a more peaceful country. He accordingly fitted out two ships, and sailed westward, and discovered the southern shores of North America, as the event has proved. Leaving part of his followers there, he was enabled providentially to return to Europe; and, on representing to his countrymen what had happened, so many of them were induced to share in his enterprize, that, in his second emigration, he sailed nearly in the same direction, with ten ships, completely filled, but without being so fortunate as to fall in with them he had left behind in his first voyage. There are good grounds to assert that Madawg, in this second voyage, fell in with the coast of the Carolinas; for the first discovery of that emigration was made by the Rev. Mr Morgan Jones, in 1685, who found them or at least a part of them, up Pontigo river. In consequence of the European colonies spreading over that country, or for some other causes, they removed up the country of Kentucky, where evident tracts of them have been lately found; such as the ruins of forts, millstones, earthen ware, &c. It is presumed that, as their situation was secluded, and not liable to be molested, they left it only in consequence of discovering a more inviting country; and none could be more so than where they finally settled. The center of the country of the Madawgwys, and where their villages are most numerous, is about 88 degrees north latitude, and 102 degrees west longitude of London; but they extend (possibly in detached communities) from about 37 degrees north latitude, and 97 degrees west longitude, to 43 degrees north latitude and 110 degrees west longitude. The general name of Cym-

ry is not lost among them, though they call themselves Madawgwys, Madogiain, Madagiain, and Madogian; names of the same import, meaning the people of Madawg. Hence the French travellers in Louisiana have called them Padoucas, Matocantes, and other names bearing a similitude to what they call themselves, and by which they are known to the Indians.—From the country of the Madawgwys, some of the rivers run eastward and others to the west: by the former they come into the Missouri, and so into the Mississippi, bringing with them skins, pickled buffalo-tongues, and other articles of traffic: and by the latter they have a communication with the Pacific ocean, from a salt water lake in their country, down the Oregon, or the great river of the west, through the straits of Juan de Fuca, and other openings. The character of these insulated Cambrians, who are a numerous people, is that they are very warlike; are more civilized than the Indians; live in large villages in houses built with stone; are commodiously clad; use horses in hunting. They have iron of which they make tools, but have no fire-arms; and they navigate the lake in large piragnas. Their government is on the feudal system, and their princes are considered as the direct descendants of Madawg.

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*A Letter concerning the Welch Indians by the Rev. Joshua Thomas, of Leominster, with additional Remarks by Mr. Williams.*

*Leominster July 30, 1791.*

**T**HE Rev. Thomas Jones, of Nottage, in the country of Glamorgan, went to America in 1737. His son Samuel was then about three years of age. He gave him a liberal education in Philadelphia, where he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He (Dr. Samuel Jones) wrote lately to the Rev. Mr. William Richards, of Lynn, in Norfolk. In that let-

ter he says, speaking of the Madocian Indians, "the finding of them would be one of the most pleasing things to me that could happen. I think I should immediately go amongst them, though I am now turned 55; and there are in America Welch preachers ready to set out to visit them as soon as the way to their country is discovered.

The Rev. Morgan Edwards, A. M. went over to Philadelphia in 1761. He is a native of Monmouthshire. In a letter I had from him, dated Newark, in Pennsylvania, July 15, 1786, he says. in your book (*Hanes y Bedyddwyr*) you take notice of the Welch who emigrated with Madoc ap Owen Gwynedd to America in 1170. One Mr. John Filson has lately (1784) published a book, intitled the Discovery, Settlement, and present state of Kentucky; wherein, after mentioning the story of Madoc ap Owen, he has those words: this account has several times drawn the attention of the world; but as no vestiges of them (the Welch) had then been found, it is concluded, perhaps too rashly, to be a fable, or, at least, that no remains of the colony existed; but of late the Western settlement have received frequent accounts of a nation at a large distance up the Missouri (a branch of the Mississippi, in manners and appearance resembling other Indians but speaking Welch and retaining some ceremony of the christian worship and at length this is universally believed to be a fact. Captain Abraham Chaplain, of Kentucky, (a gentleman whose veracity may be depended upon) assures me that in the late war, being with his company in garrison at Kaskaski, some Indians came there, and, speaking the Welch language were perfectly understood, and conversed with, by two Welchmen in his company; and that they informed them of their situation as above."—Thus far transcribed out of Mr. Filson's book.

Then Mr. M. Edwards proceeds:—The said Missouri river is said to run a course of 3000 miles before it falls into the Mississippi.



Mississippi. Kentucky was discovered by one James M' Bride in 1754. Since the peace abundance of people have emigrated there. This country was certainly inhabited by white people many years ago, as appears by the remains of two regular fortifications the plowing up of broken earthen ware, a pair of millstones, &c. all which were unknown to the Indians. Mr. Filson ascribes them to the Welch, who removed from thence to the Missouri, as he supposes.—Thus far Mr. Morgan Edwards.

As this is a new affair, or rather long and deeply buried in oblivion, and of late thus raised up, I can say no more to it of any importance. I have heard some hints of Welch people being about the Mississippi about forty years ago, and some other hints of no use now; because I do not perfectly remember the particulars and authority of them.

I am, &c.

JOSHUA THOMAS.

In addition to the above account of Mr. Thomas, I here add a passage from his *Hanes y Bedyd durgr*, i. e. the history of the baptists in Wales, mentioned above. In English thus:—“Many authors mention this Welch nation (in America.) The following words are in a letter from Mr. Reynold Howells to Mr. Miles, dated Philadelphia, 1752: The Welch Indians are found out; they are situated on the west side of the great river Mississippi.

Mr. Owen and Mr. Williams had an opportunity lately of consulting Mr. William Prichard, bookseller and printer of Philadelphia, who is now, or lately was in London, about the Welch Indians. He told them that he had often heard of them, and that they were, in Pennsylvania, universally believed to be very far westward of the Mississippi, and that he

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had often heard of people that had been amongst them ; but the most particular account that he had received was what he heard within these very few years by Dr. Samuel Jones (who is mentioned in Mr. Thomas Jones's letter.) He knows now, he says, several in Pennsylvania who have been amongst those Indians ; and is very active at present in that country in endeavouring to obtain all the information possible on this curious subject : and says that, if he should be but very little assisted, he should immediately visit those Welch tribes.

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*DESCRIPTION of the ESSENES a sect among the JEWS.*

[*Concluded from page 311.*]

**H**E is first to bind himself by solemn execrations and professions, to love and worship God ; to do justice towards men ; to wrong no creature willingly ; no, not to do it tho' commanded ; to declare himself an enemy to all wicked men ; to join with all the lovers of right and equity ; to keep faith with all men : he is likewise to declare, that if ever he comes to be advanced above his companions, he will never use that power to the injury of his subjects ; nor distinguish himself from his inferiors by any ornament of dress or apparel : but that he will love and embrace the truth, and bring false speakers to justice. He binds himself likewise to keep his hands clear from theft, and fraudulent dealing, and his soul as untainted with the desire of unjust gain : that he will not conceal from his fellow professors any of the mysteries of his religion ; nor communicate any of them to the profane, tho' it should be to save his life. And then for the matter of his doctrine, that he shall deliver nothing but what he hath received : that he will endeavour to preserve the doctrine itself that he professes : the books that are written of it ; and the names of those from whom he had it.

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These protestations are made use of as a test for new comers, and as a security to keep them fast to their duty.

Upon the taking of any man in a notorious wickedness, he is excluded the congregation: and whoever incurs that sentence, comes probably to a miserable end. For he that is tied up by these rites and sacraments, is not allowed so much as to receive a bit of bread from the hand of a stranger, though his life itself were in hazard: so that men are driven to graze like beasts, till the flesh rots from the bone. In this distress, the society has sometimes had the charity and compassion to receive some of them again, when they were at the very point of death; computing that the punishment they suffered might in some degree atone for the offence.

In the administration of justice, they are the most regular and exact people in the world. They determine nothing but what is carried by a hundred voices at least; and when the judgment is once past, there's no recalling it.

Next to the supreme authority of God himself, they reckon that of their legislators; making it death to speak ill of them, or to blaspheme them. They ascribe great honor to their elders, and to the majority of the people; and think it very reasonable to obey the one, and to hearken to the other. When there are ten together in council, no particular person is to speak, if the other nine be against it.

They make it a matter of immorality to spit toward the middle of the company, or upon the right hand.

They are the strictest observers of the sabbath of all sorts of Jews: for they do not only make ready their sabbath day's meal the night before, to avoid kindling a fire on that day; but they dare not so much as remove a pot or a dish from one place to another, or ease themselves of the necessities of nature.



The people that make profession of this manner of life, are divided into four sorts, according to their respective obligations : and the younger are reputed so much inferior to their elders, that if they do but touch one another, they are fain to purify, as if it were upon the contact of a stranger. They live to a great age : a hundred years and upwards many of them : which I ascribe in a great measure to the simplicity of their way of feeding, and the temperance of their manners.

They are firm and hardy against all dangers too, and resolute, to the contempt of torments : insomuch that they account an honorable death much more desirable than life itself. We need go no further for the proof of this assertion, than to the war betwixt the Jews and the Romans. And upon several occasions, what torment did the Jews endure ! as burning, breaking of bones, and all manner of pains, rather than let fall one irreverent word of their legislator, or but touch one morsel of a forbidden meat : and all this not only without supplications and tears, or any abjection of mind : but with a chearfulness of countenance in the very anguish of their pains : defying and triumphing over their very tormentors, and delivering up their souls with a serene constancy of courage in the assurance of exchanging the present life for a better to come.

They firmly believe the mortality of the body ; and that the soul, being of the same substance with the subtilest air, is incorruptible, and immortal : and by a kind of natural inclination, or attraction, shut up in the flesh as in a prison. But when it shall be freed from these corporeal bonds, as out of a long slavery, it shall chearfully mount up to the region of endless bliss. This opinion suits well enough with some conceits of the Greeks ; who fancy a place beyond the ocean, where there's neither rain, nor snow, nor raging heats, but only gentle refreshing gales : and this do they make to be the

seat of the blessed souls. As for the wicked souls on the other hand, they stand condemned to impetuous tempests, killing frosts, and everlasting pains and groans, world without end.

This is much after the Grecian story of the Fortunate Islands: which are places set apart for the entertainment of those glorious spirits they call heroes, and demi-gods: and then they have their hell too, in the description of an infernal pit, with plagues and punishments for such as Sisyphus, Tantalus, Ixion, Tityus, and the like: computing all this while the soul to be immortal, from the natural disposition it hath to the love of virtue, and to the detestation of vice; for good men are made better even in this world by the hope of better things yet to come in another: besides the check that it puts to impiety and lewdness; when men shall come to consider, that tho' they may escape the eye and the stroke of human justice in this world, divine vengeance will yet find them out in that to come, and punish them with pains everlasting. This is the Essenes philosophy upon the subject of the soul: and we find very few, when they have once imbibed this doctrine: that ever depart from it.

There are among the Essenes also, that take upon themselves to foretel things to come; building their confidence upon antient prophecies and holy writ: and not without preparatory sanctifications to fit them for the work. But be that as it will they seldom fail in their predictions.

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*An Extract of Capt. BLIGH's Voyage from TOFOA, the north-westernmost of the Friendly Islands, through the Pacific Ocean, to TIMOR, a Dutch settlement in the East Indies.*

[Continued from page 316.]

STEWART was a young man of creditable parents; in the Orkneys; at which place, on the return of the  
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the Resolution from the South Seas, in 1780, we received so many civilities, that, on that account only, I should have gladly taken him with me: but, independent of this recommendation, he was a seaman, and had always borne a good character.

Notwithstanding the roughness with which I was treated, the remembrance of past kindnesses produced some signs of remorse in Christian. When they were forcing me out of the ship, I asked him, if this treatment was a proper return for the many instances he had received of my friendship? he appeared disturbed at my question, and answered, with much emotion, "That,—Captain Bligh,—that is the thing;—I am in hell—I am in hell."

As soon as I had time to reflect, I felt an inward satisfaction, which prevented any depression of my spirits: conscious of my integrity, and anxious solicitude for the good of the service in which I was engaged, I found my mind wonderfully supported, and I began to conceive hopes, notwithstanding so heavy a calamity, that I should one day be able to account to my King and country for the misfortune. A few hours before, my situation had been peculiarly flattering. I had a ship in the most perfect order, and well stored with every necessary both for service and health. By early attention to those particulars I had, as much as lay in my power, provided against any accident, in case I could not get through Endeavour Straits, as well as against what might befall me in them; add to this, the plants had been successfully preserved in the most flourishing state: so that, upon the whole, the voyage was two thirds completed, and the remaining part in a very promising way; every person on board being in perfect health, to establish which was ever amongst the principal objects of my attention.

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It will very naturally be asked, what could the reason be of such a revolt? in answer to which, I can only conjecture, that the mutineers had assured themselves of a more happy life among the Otaheiteans, than they could possibly have in England; which, joined to some female connections, have most probably been the principal cause of the whole transaction. The women at Otaheite are handsome, mild and cheerful in their manners and conversation, possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people, that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these, and many other attendant circumstances, equally desirable, it is now perhaps not so much to be wondered at, though scarcely possible to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them void of connections, should be led away; especially when, in addition to such powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to fix themselves in the midst of plenty, on the finest island in the world, where they need not labour, and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond any thing that can be conceived.

Desertions have happened, more or less, from many of the ships that have been at the Society islands; but it ever has been in the commanders power to make the chiefs return their people: the knowledge, therefore, that it was unsafe to desert, perhaps, first led mine to consider with what ease so small a ship might be surprized, and that so favourable an opportunity would never offer to them again.

The secrecy of this mutiny is beyond all conception. Thirteen of the party, who were with me, had always lived forward among the people; yet neither they, nor the mess-mates of Christian, Stewart, Haywood, and

and Young, had ever observed any circumstance to give them suspicion of what was going on. With such close-planned acts of villainy, and my mind free from any suspicion, it is not wonderful that I have been got the better of. The possibility of such a conspiracy was ever the farthest from my thoughts. Had their mutiny been occasioned by any grievances, either real or imaginary, I must have discovered symptoms of their discontent, which would have put me on my guard: but the case was far otherwise. Christian, in particular, I was on the most friendly terms with; that very day he was engaged to have dined with me; and the preceding night he excused himself from supping with me, on pretence of being unwell; for which I felt concerned, having no suspicions of his integrity and honour.

It now remained with me to consider what was best to be done. My first determination was to seek a supply of bread-fruit and water at Tofoa, and afterwards to sail for Tongataboo, and there risk a solicitation to Poulaho, the king, to equip my boat, and grant a supply of water and provisions, so as to enable us to reach the East Indies. The quantity of provisions I found in the boat was 153lb. of bread, 16 pieces of pork, each piece weighing 2 lb. 6 quarts of rum, 6 bottles of wine, with 28 gallons of water, and four empty barrecoës.

April 29th. Happily the afternoon kept calm, when we were so far to windward, that, with a moderate easterly breeze which sprung up, we were able to sail. It was nevertheless dark when we got to Tofoa, where I expected to land; but the shore proved to be so steep and rocky, that I was obliged to give up all thoughts of it, and keep the boat under the lee of the island with two ears, for there was no anchorage. Having fixed on this mode of proceeding for the night, I served to  
every

every person half a pint of grog, and each took to his rest as well as our unhappy situation would allow.

In the morning, at dawn of day, we set off along shore in search of landing, and about ten o'clock we discovered a stony cove at the N. W. part of the island, where I dropt the grapnel within 20 yards of the rocks. A great deal of surf ran on the shore; but, as I was unwilling to diminish our stock of provisions, I landed Mr. Samuel, and some others, who climbed the cliffs, and got into the country to search for supplies. The rest of us remained at the cove, not discovering any way to get into the country, but that by which Mr. Samuel had proceeded. It was great consolation to me to find, that the spirits of my people did not sink, notwithstanding our miserable and almost hopeless situation. Towards noon Mr. Samuel returned, with a few quarts of water, which he had found in holes; but he had met with no spring, or any prospect of a sufficient supply in that particular, and had only seen signs of inhabitants. As it was impossible to know how much we might be in want, I only issued a morsel of bread, and a glass of wine, to each person for dinner.

April 30. The wind blew so violently from E. S. E. that I could not venture to sea. Our detention, therefore, made it absolutely necessary to see what we could do more for our support; for I determined, if possible, to keep my first stock entire: I therefore weighed, and rowed along shore, to see if any thing could be got; and at last discovered some cocoa-nut trees, but they were on the top of high precipices, and the surf made it dangerous landing. Some, with much difficulty, climbed the cliffs, and got about 20 cocoa-nuts, and others flung them to ropes, by which we hauled them through the surf into the boat. This was all that could be done here; and, as I found no place so eligi-  
ble



ble as the one we had left to spend the night at, I returned to the cove, and, having served a cocoa nut to each person, we went to rest again in the boat.

At dawn of day I attempted to get to sea; but the wind and weather proved so bad, that I was glad to return to my former station; where, after issuing a morsel of bread and a spoonful of rum to each person, we landed, and I went off with Mr. Nelson, Mr. Samuel, and some others, into the country, having hauled ourselves up the precipice by long vines, which are fixed there by the natives for that purpose; this being the only way into the country.

[*To be continued.*]

### REFLECTIONS ON WAR.

WAR, whether offensive or defensive, is a picture of desolation: In no one point of view does it exhibit an amiable feature: take the best side of it: What see you to commend it? There is a childish, foolish pomp; there is a vain and fleeting glory; there is an empty and deceitful honor; but there is no lasting advantage; there is no brotherly love: throughout it is one continued scene of savage cruelty, and unprincipled licentiousness, thirsting for dominion, at the price of blood, and purchasing greatness at the expence of humanity.

I would to God that every unthinking encourager of war, was made to feel in his own person the misery and ruin that it brings upon the peaceable and industrious! Severe experience would then convince him, that notwithstanding the shameful and precarious gain of a few, War is ultimately a serious loss to society; and that whether it turn out successful

ful, or unsuccessful, it spreads devastation through every class of the community.

Of the numerous wars recorded in history, how few have been commenced upon justifiable principles? An invincible lust of avarice, joined to a tyrannizing and despotic ambition, has plunged the nations of the earth into unreasonable animosities, and deluged the world with the innocent blood of millions. By what rule of reason by what precept of the gospel, do we Christians set up the banners of defiance and sharpen the sword for each others destruction?

Followers of a meek and lowly Master, professors of a religion which breathes no other spirit than that of universal forbearance, and universal good-will; is it a part of your creed to murder a fellow creature who has never done you any injury, and against whom you have not the slightest personal ill-will? Of all the various combinations of folly and wickedness surely this is at once the most diabolical, and most ridiculous!

The conviction that it is for the interest and happiness of all parties to be at peace with each other, forces itself upon the mind too strongly, to be dispelled by any wretched motives of expediency or policy. Peace has uniformly profited all nations; war has uniformly depopulated and impoverished them. I solemnly believe and hope, there is not at this moment, a country under the face of heaven, the great mass of whose inhabitants does not, with heart and soul, wish for *Wars to cease in all the World!* Ask the husbandman what is his opinion, he will tell you, that he would be glad to hear "they had beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks." Put the same question to the tradesman, to the merchant, to the manufacturer, to the day-labourer, to the poor at large; and they will all answer with one voice, "We abhor, we detest war; it takes from us  
the

the hard earned fruits of our labour, and gives us nothing but poverty and misery in return."

If we attend to the consequences of war, what a wide field of misery opens upon us! Here the picture of desolation is completed, and we view this abominable scourge of mankind, as it appears when divested of its extraneous embellishments, and arrayed in the dismal garb of truth. At the final issue of an obstinate contest, there must necessarily be many lives lost on both sides; destruction has then done her worst and selected the objects of her fury; the grave, that tells no tales silently receives her myriads of murdered souls; and ungrateful ambition, forgetting the blood by which victory was purchased, dwells only with rapture on the glory of her conquests! Oh! that the great ones of the earth were but a little more inclined to the reflection? What conquest was ever worth the useful lives lost to accomplish it? What battle was ever fought that did not hurry thousands of trembling and unprepared souls into the presence of their offended Redeemer? O God! when thou makest inquisition for blood, upon whom wilt thou lay the guilt of those torrents of blood that have been shed for no earthly purpose whatever, but to gratify the detestable and insolent ambition of a few poor puny creatures like ourselves.

At the conclusion of a spirited and long contested war, there is scarcely a cottage to be met with that does not bear visible marks of its fruits. In one miserable hut you may behold, seated at their scanty meals, a mother and her tribe of half-starved children; but father you will find none; death met him in the field of battle, and in a moment, made *his children fatherless and his wife a widow*. Here you view an aged couple, bent double with infirmities and years, and, God knows! but little capable to sustain a protracted journey through the winter of life, yet hoping still to see better days, when the war is ended, and their children are returned. Time, that at length brings all things to bear, finishes the war; but



time does not bring back their children. To the artificial advantages of war, I oppose, with confidence, the real losses of mankind: to the pomp and splendor of martial heroism, I oppose the orphan's tears, and the widow's cry: And to the enthusiastic, vain and idle boast of the victor, the sad and untimely fate of the vanquished. When the glories of battle are the theme of conversation, how seldom are those remembered who fought and who fell in it! Twenty thousand of what are called common soldiers, might perish, and no one concern himself to enquire how they died, or where they were buried; but let inhuman and insolent pride be told, that every one of these poor men, who thus fell neglected and forgotten, where as faithful to their country, had dispositions as good, and hearts as brave and honest, and souls as dear, as the greatest and noblest warrior among them. How often are the common soldiers doomed "to beg bitter bread through realms their valour sav'd," while too many who are conversant only in the knaveries of war, and who without virtue, labour, or hazard, are growing rich while their country is impoverishing, find their infamies at length rewarded, by equipages that shine like meteors, and palaces that rise like exhalations. War being thus a national misfortune, and of benefit to those only, who, of all others, least deserve to be benefited, can never with any complacency be looked upon in the erroneous light of a necessary evil. Arguments are not wanting to prove, that men were never created to be a scourge and nuisance to one another. We have but to reflect upon the nature of life, and all animosities must instantly vanish. Fellow travellers through a vale of sorrow! fellow sufferers in a world of wretchedness! all setting out from the same spot! all bound to the same place! all encountering the same enemy—death! all exploring the same unknown region—the grave! all sleeping silent in the dust and forgotten! all rising from the dust, when every man shall receive his own reward! When we consider life in this awful point of view, it is astonishing how christian nations can make war upon each other, or forbear to live together in UNITY like BRETHREN.

*Short*

*Short Account of ALEXANDER SELKIRK, the original ROBINSON CRUSOE; with a Poem written by him in his Solitude.*

ALEXANDER SELKIRK, the author of the subsequent poem, was originally Robinson Crusoe. The greatest portion of that beautiful history contains the occurrences of his own life. He was born in Scotland, and was descended of respectable parents, who resided in the village of Lago, in the county of Fife. Receiving the fundamental principles of a nautical education, he embarked as master of Dampier's ship, the celebrated circumnavigator, and was esteemed the best seaman in the fleet. A misunderstanding arose between him and his Captain; and as soon as he arrived at Juan Fernandez, Selkirk was left by design on that island. The other circumstances are recent in every person's memory: After having continued several years in that solitude, he was relieved in February 1709, by Captain Cook, who articulated him as his mate.

When Selkirk returned to London, he revolved in his mind the various wonderful incidents of his life; and forming them into a history, offered it to a bookseller, who considered it as inestimable. Thinking however that it might be rendered more interesting by the scope of imagination, he applied to Daniel De Foe, for his embellishments. Hence the merits of Robinson Crusoe are falsely attributed to the latter; and the sufferings of Selkirk are considered as an ingenious romance. Notwithstanding these opinions, we can from the best authority declare, that he possessed a sufficiency of judgment and literature to connect his ideas, and communicate his own narrative in unexceptionable language. That he wanted philosophy;

phy, cannot with propriety be admitted. That he was skilled in the theory and practice of mathematics, is a truth upon record. In times of adversity and danger he displayed an astonishing intrepidity; and his perseverance and magnanimity were calculated to overcome the greatest misfortunes. His mathematical books and instruments served for amusement in his leisure hours of retirement; and remote from the busy world and devoid of its concomitant cares and anxieties, his studies were cherished, and that species of learning considerably improved. Here he wanted the endearments of society; but here he felt neither the disquietudes of jealousy nor ambition. Rousseau never advanced a better axiom than when he affirmed, that the history of Robinson Crusoe, being founded on the purest principles of morality, was inferior only in its happy tendency to the Scriptures. That celebrated philosopher used to recommend it to the attention of the youths of both sexes; and certainly his commendation is the highest praise. Selkirk, in his solitary exile, frequently courted the muses; and if I may judge from the following specimen of his talents; which I believe is genuine, he was no inconsiderable favorite. A Caesar, or an Alexander, may survive in the historic page, and their sanguinary achievements be transmitted with admiration to the latest posterity; but the meritorious sufferings of a Selkirk are more precious. Their maxims operate to the destruction of the human species.—He teaches his fellow creatures how to live.

I AM monarch of all I survey,  
 My right there is none to dispute;  
 From the centre all round to the sea,  
 I am Lord of the fowl and the brute;  
 Oh! *Solitude* where are thy charms  
 That fages have seen in thy face!

Better



Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
 Than reign in this horrible place.  
 I am out of humanity's reach,  
 I must finish my journey alone,  
 Never hear the sweet music of speech;  
 I start at the sound of my own;  
 The beasts that roam over the plain,  
 My form with indifference see,  
 They are so unacquainted with man,  
 Their tameness is shocking to me,  
 Society, Friendship, and Love,  
 Divinely bestow'd upon man!  
 Oh! had I the wings of a dove,  
 How soon would I taste you again!  
 My sorrows I then might assuage  
 In the ways of religion and truth.  
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth;  
*Religion!* what treasure untold  
 Presides in that heavenly word!  
 More precious than silver and gold,  
 Or all that this earth can afford.  
 But the sound of the church-going bell,  
 These vallies and rocks never heard,  
 Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,  
 Or smil'd when a Sabbath appear'd.  
 Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
 Convey to this desolate shore,  
 Some cordial endearing report  
 Of a land I can visit no more.  
 My friends do they now and then send  
 A wish or a thought after me!  
 O tell me I yet have a friend,  
 Though a friend I am never to see.  
 How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
 Compar'd with the speed of its flight,  
 The tempest itself lags behind,  
 And the swift-winged arrow of light.  
 When I think of my own native land,  
 In a moment I seem to be there,  
 But, alas! Recollection at hand,  
 Soon hurries me back to Despair!

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
 The beast is laid down in his lair;  
 Even here is the season of rest,  
 And I to my cabin repair.  
 There's mercy in every place!—  
 And Mercy,—encouraging thought!—  
 Gives even Affliction a grace;—  
 And reconciles man to his lot.

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### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For the American Moral & Sentimental Magazine.*

#### AN ELEGY.

**L**UNA once more displays her torch on high,  
 And aged night comes riding down the sky;  
 Signals for me again to touch my string  
 And ask th' assistance of my muse to sing:  
 O that my soul could now exulting rise  
 And with Angelic swiftness tread the skies,  
 Or through the swelling Clouds bend her light way  
 To the bright mansions of eternal day.

Then would she sing—how on a glorious throne,  
 In awful majesty dwells the **THREE ONE**.  
 How Spirits on the wing attend the cries  
 Of suffering Saints, and bear them to the skies,  
 This and much more, but ah her strains are low  
 Beyond a narrow sphere she cannot go,  
 Sadly envelop'd with these bonds of clay,  
 Fruitless are all attempts to soar away;  
 Return then Soul give o'er the vain design  
 To earthly scenes alone thy song confine:  
 To Earth alone! and by reflection's aid,  
 Again I will explore my native shade  
 And see what depredations death has made,

}  
 Pensive

Pensive I'll seek the lone sequester'd cot,  
Where peace and happiness where once my lot,  
There all my hours flew chearfully along,  
Hail'd Day with smiles and clos'd it with a song.

I'll enter—all is hush—what can this mean,  
No chearful voice is heard no face is seen;  
What noise is that—ah 'tis the hooting owl,  
Here sure he haunts, and here the fierce wolves howl,  
And the sad ravens croaking seems to tell  
That they alone inhabit now the cell;  
Where are the cottagers? are they all fled  
To the sad residence of the silent dead;  
Have they put by the airy garb of mirth  
And calmly slumber on a bed of earth;  
Alas! too true, thus have they left their cot,  
Well then I'll seek their graves and mourn my lot.  
Here is the solemn place! whose tomb is this?  
“Here lies SERENUS!” can this grave be his!  
Does the dear boy lye here? Yes it must be,  
From dust he came, and dust again is he:  
Sleep on dear babe in balmy slumbers sweet,  
Let none disturb thee in thy calm retreat;  
Sleep on my brother without dread or fear,  
Nor ever let my sorrows reach thine ear.

“Abella's grave,” and art thou gone fair maid,  
Has death thy body too in ashes laid,  
Thy face, ah how disfigur'd, once so fair,  
Where now are all thy charms thy beauties where;  
Where the carnation which adorn'd thy cheek,  
And where the lilly? Oh Abellah speak!  
Mould'ring to dust! Shut from the smiling day,  
And only cover'd with a little clay;  
Nor shrinks with terror now this lovely form,  
From the cold beatings of the rudest storm:

Here



Here lies her clay, but lo! her spirit flies  
To be an Angel far above the skies.

Unpitying Death could not a mother save  
Her darling infant from the noisome grave;  
Could not Eliza's tears to thee find way,  
Could not her plaints prolong her Bella's stay?  
Ah no! Death hath nor with nor pow'r to feel,  
His heart is adamant and his breast is steel.

But whose is this, "here lies the good and just,  
Eliza's frame here mingles with the dust;"  
Yes, here she lies, she's from her labours freed,  
And Angel joys now human woes succeed;  
She was a friend, a lover of mankind,  
She help'd the needy, and she led the blind;  
The orphan's parent, ever doing good,  
She cloath'd the naked, gave the hungry food;  
With suffering souls she well could sympathize  
And wipe the trembling tear from sorrow's eyes:  
She serv'd her God, and when her summons came,  
She died believing on her Saviour's name:  
But now her eyes are clos'd to weep no more,  
She's wing'd her flight to that eternal shore,  
Where rest the mournful troubl'd souls in peace,  
And all the weary from their trouble cease.

ANNA.